*Enter Catesby with Hastings head.*

*Cat.* Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and vnsuspected Hastings.
*Glo.* So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:
*I* tooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,
That breathed vpon the earth a Christian:
Looke ye my Lord Maior:
Made him my booke wherein my soule recorded
The Historie of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparant open guilt omitted:
*I* meane his conuersation with Shores wife,
He laid from all attainder of suspect.
*Buck.* Well, well, he was the couertst sheltred traitor
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,
Or almost beleeue, wert not by great preseruation
We liue to tell it you? The subtile traitor
Had this day plotted in the councell house,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Gloster.
*Maior.* What, had he so?
*Glo.* What thinke ye we are Turkes or Infidels,
Or that we would against the course of law
Proceed thus rashly to the villaines death,
But that the very extreame perill of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons safetie
Inforst vs to that execution?
*Ma.* Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,
And you my good Lords both, haue well proceeded,
To warne false traitors from the like attempts:
*I* neuer lookt for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistresse Shore.
*Glo.* Yet had not we determined he should die,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his death,
Which now the longing hast of these our friends
Somewhat against our meaning haue preuented,
Because my Lord, we would haue had you heard
The traitor speake, and timerously confesse
The manner, and the purpose of his treason,
That you might well haue signified the same





Vnto the Citizens, who happily may
Misconster vs in him, and wayle his death.
*Ma.* My good L. your Graces word shall serue
As well as *I* had seene or heard him speake,
And doubt you not right noble Princes both,
But *I*le acquaint your dutious Citizens
With all your iust proceedings in this cause.
*Glo.* And to that end we wisht your Lordship here,
To auoid the carping censures of the world.
*Buc.* But since you came too late of our intents,
Yet witnesse what we did intend, and so my Lord adue.
*Glo.* After, after, Cousen *B*uckingham. *Exit Maior.*
The Maior towards Guild-hall hies him in all post,
There at your meetst aduantage of the time,
*I*nferre the basterdy of Edwards children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a Citizen,
Onely for saying he would make his sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeed) his house,
Which by the signe thereof was tearmed so.
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull luxurie,
And beastiall appetite in change of lust,
Which stretched to their seruants, daughters, wiues,
Euen where his lustfull eye, or sauage heart,
Without controll listed to make his prey:
Nay for a need thus farre comes neere my person,
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that vnsatiate Edward, noble Yorke,
My princely father then had warres in France,
And by iust computation of the time
Found that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father:
But touch this sparingly as it were a farre off,
Because you know my Lord, my mother liues.
*Buc.* Feare not, my Lord, *I*le play the Orator,
As if the golden fee for which *I* pleade
Were for my selfe.
*Glo.* If you thriue well, bring them to Baynards Castle,
Where you shall finde me well accompanied



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